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Horticultural.

WEST MICHIGAN FRUIT-GROWERS.

The West Michigan Pomological Society, which now numbers nearly 100 members, met at Muskegon the first of the current month, with moderately large attendance, considering the busy season and the location. The Alleghen Gazette gives a report of the proceedings from which we make the following extracts:

The region about Muskegon is productive of other things than lumber and shingles. It is one of the centers of strawberry culture in the State. Last year only one town in the State exceeded the shipments of this fruit made from Norton, one of the towns close by Muskegon city. The cultivation of all small fruits is rapidly increasing and young orchards of the apple and peach are numerous. President W. Phillips, of South Haven, called the meeting to order, and after music and the addresses of welcome, the secretary read a paper by Rev. J. F. Taylor, of Douglas, Alleghen Co., on the Propagation of Peach Trees. Mr. Taylor said: "We want ironclad trees and fruit buds covered with a coat of mail that will resist the cold to 20 degrees below zero at least. How shall we produce them is an important question. At the present time peach trees for our market are largely brought from pits sown, or are propagated from pits produced in a warmer climate. The reason assigned for this is that they are pits of seedling peaches, and come from a latitude where the yellows is unknown. The assumption is that trees propagated on such stock are more hardy or less liable to disease than those grown from pits gathered nearer home. For hardy grapes we look well to their acclimation. For ironclad ornamental trees we do not go south. Why should we go south for peach trees or the pits to produce them? Pits grown in a northern latitude have at least the merit of acclimation. They are from trees that have resisted our winters a number of years. Pits of budded fruit are seldom extensively used in the nursery. They seem to be regarded as less hardy than natural fruit. Of this, however, I am not sure. Experiments in a small way seem to indicate that seedling trees are very much like the parent in capacity for endurance. There are exceptions, and from these we hope to secure something better than we now have, by selecting the best specimens that appear from time to time; but, so far as we know, most of the new varieties now offered to the public are chance seedlings. Systematic effort to produce an iron-clad peach tree, with buds that will resist intense cold, seems to be wanting. Crawford trees are the most hardy in cultivation, but the fruit buds are tender, not enduring cold as do some other varieties. How can we combine the vigorous growth of the Crawford with the hardiness and productiveness of the Chili, Barnard, or Hale's Early? Perhaps systematic effort in cross-fertilization of approved varieties would secure the desired result.

But the main question still remains unanswered: Does the common method of propagating peach trees secure the best results to horticulturists? Do not pits of seedling trees, brought from the south, produce a degenerate stock, one unacclimated and incapable of resisting a low temperature? Might we not hope that stock from pits of Crawford, Mixons, Barnards, and Stumps would give better results? But here I am met with the objection that pits from the south are free from all taint of yellows. This appears to our fears but not to our reason. I think it evident to every one conversant with yellows, that seedling trees are more frequently diseased than budded fruit. Many times we find the diseased sprouts coming from the root of the tree, below the bud. Why is this, unless the pits are inferior or wanting in qualities gained only by acclimation? Is not the process pursued to counteract yellows in nursery stock a weakening process to the constitution of the tree, resulting in widespread destruction of orchards? I am aware that the variety of the fruit is determined by the bud inserted in the stock; but does not the stock have some effect on the life, health, and hardiness of the tree? Can we grow a good tree on stock that has a poor constitution? If pits from seedlings are desirable to secure the best results, let us have all our stock propagated in this way; but I do not find any evidence that this is the case. Who can affirm that trees produced from our budded fruit are less hardy?"

In the discussion which followed next morning, Mr. LaFleur, of Alleghen, said he believed in the use of home grown trees. But from any pits will come some strong trees and some spindling ones. These should be pulled out and only the strong ones allowed to grow. In getting buds for propagation, it should be noticed that in a row of trees of the same kind some will be of very thrifty growth and productive of superior fruit. From these trees should be taken the buds for propagation. There will be the same variation in growth of the buds as of the pits, and again the stripplings should be destroyed. He did not know about comparative merits of pits of budded fruit and seedlings; had he no fear of yellows from home grown pits, for neither pits nor buds from diseased trees will grow. Trees propagated from buds grown here are undoubtedly the best.

R. C. Cockburn said men gather pits in Chicago, of yellows peaches and all others, and he had sold many bushels to a Rochester nurseryman. Mr. O'Brien of Fenville had started yellows pits but would not allow them to grow. The oldest peach tree in Muskegon is a seedling, 30 years, and it is full of fruit this year.

Joseph Lannia said yellows pits will grow when the tree was only slightly affected, but when badly diseased will not grow at all. Mr. Taylor had said seedling trees were more liable to yellows than budded trees. He had not found it so. Mr. LaFleur had not noticed any parti-

cular difference. Seedlings are generally the hardier, and the hardy, healthful trees are as a rule less liable to yellows. He had planted a large number of yellows pits and only four of the whole grew more than a few inches.

Mr. W. A. Smith, of Benton Harbor, read a long paper entitled "How Can We Protect our Fruit from Insect Enemies?" and gave some of the best known remedies to prevent their ravages, such as swine in the orchard to exterminate the codling moth by destroying the fallen fruit, bandages to trap the canker worm, jarring for the curculio, spraying trees with London purple or Paris green to kill the apple maggot, bands of tarred paper to keep the climbing cutworm from grape vines and peach trees, and spraying or jarring the trees to catch the cherry weevil.

In the discussion, W. A. Brown, of Stevensville, said the apple, so far as his experience goes, never attacks sound apple trees, but only those that have been injured in some way. One good result of our severe winter has been the general destruction of the codling moths. He knew this from examination of the bands left about his apple trees over winter. The larvae were there in great numbers, but not more than one in 100 was alive. We should take advantage of the weakness of our enemy and make our warfare the more effective. Spraying with poisonous solutions was very effective last year and should be followed up.

Mr. Cockburn said the thrip may be killed by spraying with a solution of one pound of sulphur and four of unslacked lime in a barrel of water. The thrip infests the Delaware more than any other grape, hence he would separate the Delaware from others. He suggested the running of all vines in one direction so they may be laid down more easily for winter protection.

From the last report of the Commissioner of Agriculture, Secretary Kniesly read of successful experiments in killing cutworms with leaves of any succulent plant. One man thus caught 1,583 worms on less than a fourth acre and saved all his melon vines save one. The leaves may be poisoned with Paris green or London purple, in water, or dusted on in mixture of flour and laid dusted side down, and the worms become their own executioners. Little bundles of clover answer the same purpose.

Mr. Jos. Lannia believed in clean culture in the fall to prevent the ravages of the cutworm, saying the moth will not lay eggs where there is no prospect of food for the larvae. President Phillips believed in plowing under buckwheat, believing it in some way prevented the cutworm from thriving.

S. G. Antislade of Benton Harbor said the rust of the blackberry and blackcap raspberry was as contagious as yellows in peaches and canes affected by it should be rooted out and destroyed instantly.

Mrs. G. H. LaFleur, of Alleghen, had prepared a paper on "Shrubs and Flowers for the Lawn, the Garden and the House" which was read by Mr. LaFleur, and which was highly commended and a vote of thanks directed to the author.

Mr. H. Dale Adams believed the geranium the "queen of flowers" for the lawn and house, and commended it as the choice for bedding purposes.

E. C. Reid, of Alleghen, defended the rose. As to insects, he had found little trouble from any but the slug, and white hellebore sprinkled in water, or dusted upon the foliage was quickly destructive of this pest, and his season is short any way. By setting a bed of "ever-blooming" roses, such as may be obtained of Dingee & Conard, of West Grove, Penn., roses, may be had constantly from June till November. The hybrid perpetuals are also highly desirable, blooming twice or more during the season, and capable of still more frequent blooming. To gain this end, lay the bushes, after first blooming, down nearly to the ground, confining them with forked sticks. New branches will start and bloom abundantly.

THE FRUIT RECORDER AND ITS EDITOR.

Mr. E. H. Scott Replies to A. M. Purdy, and his Strictures on the "Woodruff Red" Grape.

ANN ARBOR June 12, 1885.

I think it is not necessary to make an extended article in answer to Mr. Purdy's communication in your issue of June 9th. A few words will cover it. Mr. Purdy had not accepted my proposition, and if he had it would be null and void, as it was conditional on the insertion of electro of Woodruff Red grape in April number of Fruit Recorder. Even if he had conformed to his agreement, he had no right to say he had "a few strong vines," for not one vine had been sent out at the time his catalogue was printed. If he had simply priced the Woodruff Red in his catalogue, it would have been all right and I would not have said a word; but when he said he had "a few strong vines" he said what was false, and he knew it. Now in regard to his article in the June number of Recorder, which I have just received. The most of his article has been answered in the MICHIGAN FARMER of May 19th. Mr. Purdy claims that the electro of Woodruff Red grape was received too late for insertion in April number of Recorder. Now, Mr. Purdy tells what is false in this or in his postal card, written April 17th, an exact copy of which is as follows:

Evart H. Scott, Ann Arbor, Mich.
Our cover pages were so crowded with ads at the last moment that I could not find room for grape cut.
Very truly, etc.
A. M. PURDY.
Now you will see from the above that the advertisements came in at the last moment, and not the cut of the Woodruff Red grape. I leave your readers to judge of this for themselves. Now, Mr. Purdy says that our spite (?) towards him was because he did not insert the electro, and that he has proof by another letter in his possession from me. As Mr. Purdy does not care to publish my letter (which was a postal card) I will. It is as follows:

A. M. Purdy, Palmyra, N. Y.
April 18, 1885.
DEAR SIR:—Please return the electro of Woodruff Red grape which I sent to you on your promise to put cut in April number of Fruit Recorder.
Respectfully,
EVART H. SCOTT.
A. M. Purdy, Palmyra, N. Y.
April 20, 1885.
DEAR SIR:—Your card at hand. If I had promised to do a thing I should consider myself bound to do it. Please return electro of Woodruff Red grape to me at once. If you wish you can send at my expense by express.
Respectfully,
EVART H. SCOTT.
This brought the electro at my expense, and I was very glad to get it out of the hands of a man who would break his word for a little money which his late advertisements brought. I am glad to see that Mr. Mathews in his affidavit says Mr. Purdy's version of my letter of March 16th, is an extract and not an exact copy, as Mr. Purdy gives it.
And now, ye Editor of Fruit Recorder says "And probably his sales of it (Woodruff Red grape) have been so in significantly light that he is soured and must vent his spite on some one, and so sends his virus at A. M. Purdy." Don't you worry, Mr. Purdy. The sales of Woodruff Red are over three times what I expected, and not one two-year vine have we left. We like this kind of insignificant light sales. If it will be a satisfaction for Mr. Purdy to know we have an extra fine lot of one-year vines (which will be two at time of next season's sales), I can inform him that it is so, and I propose to sell them all and thousands of one-year-olds beside. In fact orders are now coming in for next season's delivery. Mr. Purdy concedes with the man who have purchased the Woodruff Red grape to sell again. They were very thankful to "ye tender-hearted scribe" for being so sorrowful in their behalf, especially Mr. Green, Mr. Lovett, and Mr. Caywood. (?) I might mention a score of other friends (?) of Mr. Purdy, but the above I think will suffice.
In closing I have this to say: If Mr. Purdy means to keep this matter before the public and throw mud I have a great many letters from thoroughly reliable men, in which the writers are dying to use a common expression) to show what Mr. Purdy is, and wish me to take the matter in hand. I care not one iota for Mr. Purdy, and do not wish to take up other people's fights; but if Mr. Purdy is anxious for the publication of some of these letters he shall be gratified.
Very truly yours,
EVART H. SCOTT.

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Very truly yours,
EVART H. SCOTT.

PARIS GREEN AND LONDON PURPLE.

Are They Preferable to Pure Arsenic for Destroying Insect Pests.

Under the head of Horticultural Notes, I have just been reading in the FARMER of May 26, Prof. Cook's reasons, as you give them, for recommending Paris green and London purple, instead of white arsenic for the destruction of insect pests. With all due respect for the professor, for I do esteem him highly, I must say these reasons are novel, to say the least. Why he should recommend these articles, which cost from two to four times as much as the pure arsenic, where a pound of the latter will go farther than three or four pounds of either of the other articles is not apparent. All the virtue there is in Paris green or London purple consists in the arsenic they contain. That the color of arsenic would lead to more casualties than by the use of either of the other articles named, is mere conjecture, and is not sustained by facts. It may be that white arsenic is "readily soluble in water," but I have not found it so, for when put into water it readily sinks, and the water has to be frequently agitated in order to get the strength of the poison. Even if it is readily soluble, the professor is too sensible a man not to know that there is no possible danger of poisoning the soil, and thereby vegetation, as was clearly shown a few years ago by a series of experiment, in Michigan, and also at the National Agricultural Department at Washington. Most of your readers will probably remember that Col. S. P. Duffield, of Dearborn, analyzed several hills of potatoes, tops as well as tubers, where large quantities of arsenic had been applied to the ground about the vines, and also to the vines, and not a trace of arsenic could be found in either. The same result was obtained in a series of experiments at the Agricultural Department in Washington. I have had large experience in the use of arsenic in the destruction of insect pests, and I consider it perfectly safe, as safe at least as either of the other articles, and I had much rather pay from 15 to 25 cents per pound for it, than a much larger price for either of the other articles.

J. S. TIBBITS.

SANTA RITA, CAL., June 10, 1885.

Management of Old Orchards.

As soon as the first symptom of failure in old orchards appears, they should, in addition to good cultivation, be freely manured in connection with the application of lime or leached ashes. The following experiment by H. W. Rockwell, of Utica, N. Y., cannot fail to be interesting in this connection. The experiment was performed upon three trees standing in his grounds, none of which was less than 30 years old. One of the trees, an old-fashioned Newtown Pippin, had borne moderately; the other two made out between them to perfect about a dozen apples a year. Summer before last, he undertook the renovation of these trees. For this purpose he opened trenches between them, say ten feet in length, two feet in depth and about eight feet equidistant from tree to tree. The roots which were encountered through the operation were, of course, all cut off, the trenches filled with well-rotted manure and closed. He finished by giving each of the trees about a peck of charcoal mixed with the same quantity of ashes. The next year he gathered from the two outcasts from six to eight bushels of handsome fruit, with about the same proportion from the third, which had always been a moderate bearer.

Bearing orchards commonly lose their vigor and give small and poor fruit when allowed to grow in grass lands without any cultivation. If the soil is naturally rich a shallow plowing and an occasional harrowing will restore their vigor. If plowing cannot conveniently be given, they may be improved by being converted to a pasture for sheep, adding occasionally a top-dressing of manure in autumn. Sheep will serve in part to enrich the land, keep the grass grazed short and pick up the prematurely fallen fruit, infested with worms and insects.

The amount of cultivation or top-dressing to be given to such orchards must be determined by the annual growth of the shoots. If less than a foot in length, more vigor must be imparted to them; if more than a foot and a half in length, the trees are quite thrifty enough.

As to the matter of pruning, it is erroneously supposed by some that when trees become old, heavy pruning will restore their vigor in the absence of good cultivation. The correct method of treatment is very moderate and gradual pruning in connection with the best of cultivation.

It often happens that fruit on large trees is worthless, and it becomes an important object to change the top by grafting or budding it with some better variety. In this case, instead of cutting off large branches and grafting them at once, it is better to prune the top in part, which will cause an emission of vigorous shoots. These are then budded or grafted with ease and success. As the grafts gradually expand by growth, the remainder of the top may, by successive excisions, be entirely removed. When trees are not too old and the ground is kept cultivated, good-sized trees are thus obtained much sooner than by setting out young ones.

A Connecticut orchardist gives the following judicious mode of renewing the old tops of trees formerly regarded as worthless: "These trees I commenced grafting six years ago last spring. I began at the top and grafted one-third of the tree each year. It therefore required three years to complete the entire heads of the trees. I like this method better than other methods for grafting large trees, as it gives the grafts a good opportunity to get well started. Cutting off the top first, gives the grafts the best possible chance, while the necessary reduction of the top throws the sap into the remaining side branches which fits them well for grafting the following year. The third year the lowest branches, being made ready in the same way, may be grafted successfully. By this mode, when the grafts are put in on the side branches they are not shaded by the heavy shoots above them, and have an unusual supply of nourishment to carry them forward. One of these trees so treated is now seventy-five years old, and has an entirely new and vigorous head grafted with an excellent variety. When I commenced with it, the fruit was only fit for cider and it was thought the tree should be cut down. Four years ago, the bearing year, I obtained from it ten bushels of apples, the next year eight bushels and the subsequent year, only six years from the time I began to graft it, I gathered 284 bushels of excellent fruit. I consider this tree now worth \$100. The cost of grafting it was about \$5.

The bearing year of apple trees which yield excessive crops is only every alternate year, but by thinning out a large portion of the fruit while yet small, the exhaustion will not be so great as to render the tree barren the second and it will bear annually. By picking off the young fruit the bearing year may be entirely changed, or one bough may be made to bear one year and another bough the second year.—John J. Thomas, in American Cultivator.

Horticultural Notes.

BEANS produce an enormous crop in deeply trenched soil, and are much improved by surface manuring.

A TENNESSEE horticulturist claims the very best strawberry to fertilize the Crescent is the Ironclad. A discussion on the identity of the Ironclad with Phelps' Seedling left the matter still undecided.

MR. PARKER EARLE, of Anna, Ill., will this year market 45 acres of strawberries. He put out 30 acres of new plants this spring. He considers the Crescent the most profitable market berry, in which opinion many other growers coincide.

CABBAGES and cauliflowers will do better upon old ground, which is rich and mellow from previous cultivation. The manure should be old and well rotted, as green manure will not make a solid head, although it may make a rank growth of leaves. Many of our good gardeners are using artificial manure for these crops, applying no stable or barnyard manure, excepting such as may have been put in for a previous or earlier crop.

MR. C. M. MARVIN, of Medina, Tenn., says his strawberries were nearly entirely destroyed by the tarnished plant bug, which in his vicinity is especially partial to the Sharples. The bug seems to prefer the sweeter varieties, the Crescent being untouched by any other sorts.

MR. J. A. BAUER, of San Francisco, has discovered a new remedy for the phyloxera, in the introduction of finely divided quicksilver into the earth around the stalk. Neither the phyloxera nor any small, slow going insect can live more than a few hours in the atmosphere created in a close space or in the earth, at ordinary temperature, by finely divided mercury. The quicksilver preparation is permanent, and does not affect on the most delicate rootlets, unless prepared in case of direct contact with the globules.

THE GARDENERS Monthly says: "In transplanting evergreens of all kinds from the woods, the best way to save their leaves is to cut them half back with the hedge shears, and when any come from the nurseries with bad roots which have accidentally become dry, a severe cutting back will often save them. The leading shoot must be cut away or the side branches will not come out well. Evergreen hedges require attention as they grow. Where the height desired has been attained, the top and strong growths should be cut back while they are still watery. The side shoots need not be touched till midsummer. All wise people now employ the conical shape for hedges. In cutting back the top growth at this season, the conical form can still be preserved.

Apriarian.

Wild Bees in Oregon.

The Portland News mentions the following incident: "A short time Samuel, Asa, and Joe Holaday, of Seapooose, took a trip over to the Lewiston river, in order to look into the resources of that region. They found it a most beautiful country and one that offers many inducements to settlements. The part visited lies off in the direction of Mount St. Helena, and is composed of both timber land and fine open tracts which abound in game, large and small. While encamped on the river they discovered an object that was as novel and interesting as it was beautiful and striking. In their rambles through the pine woods, they suddenly came upon a fallen tree across the path which, in inspection, they found to be hollow. Through a knot-hole they could see something white, and at once began to investigate. They sawed into the log and were surprised to find that the whole interior of the log was filled solidly with honey. They at once brought from their camp some of their vessels to fill with this sweetest of all nature's productions. Their buckets and pans were soon filled. Then they sawed off another length of the log, and until they had opened up 10 feet of pure, lovely honey, which yielded a comb that was in many places four inches thick. Of this find they carried away 180 pounds, which they declared was the finest they ever tasted, being far richer than the tame honey which they produce."

Bees and Peaches.
A correspondent in the London Garden, from Wales, remarks as follows: "I know of no better way of securing a heavy crop of peaches and nectarines, than by putting a colony of bees in the house when the trees are in bloom. This has been my practice for several years past in the case of a house in which the trees come into flower in March, and the result is always satisfactory. When the bees are in the house we never brush the flowers or shake the trees in the hope of fertilizing the flowers; this work is left entirely to the bees, and they do it effectually. I have thinned 900 small nectarines from a tree which covers a piece of trellis four yards square, and several hundred more will have to be taken off before the crop is a safe and ordinary one. This, I think, is proof enough as to the advantage of employing bees, and those who think such work does the bees harm make a great mistake, as they, thus get a supply of food before it is plentiful of its own; and I have noted that I have for two years secured my first swarm and earliest-filled sections from the peach-house bees. I may add that I have a good many colonies of bees, and in my opinion they are useful in a garden at this season, and when managed on the movable-frame system, they are both interesting and profitable."

A GEORGIA paper tells this bee story: This morning Mr. Hall went out to his bee-hives alone. They are situated 100 yards from his residence, beneath a dozen large pine trees. Mr. Hall opened a hive containing thousands of the insects, and attempted to transfer them to another and larger hive. As soon as the bees were released they commenced a fierce onslaught upon Mr. Hall. They swarmed upon his head and face, and the air seemed alive with the stinging insects. With his eyes almost blinded, Mr. Hall dashed around and around the garden, screaming for help. It was some minutes before a negro servant came to his rescue and drove the bees off by turning a small garden hose upon them. Mr. Hall was insensible, and Dr. Tupper was called in. He found that Mr. Hall's injuries were very serious. His head and face swelled to almost twice their natural size, and he suffered the greatest agony. His sight was completely gone, and he recovered consciousness only a few minutes before his death to say "Take them away!" Mr. Hall died in four hours.

Cataract is a very prevalent and exceedingly disagreeable disease; liable, if neglected, to develop into serious consumption. Hood's Sarsaparilla, acting through the blood, reaches every part of the system, effecting a radical and permanent cure of catarrh. 100 doses \$1.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

WHAT WILL convince you of the wonderful curative properties combined in Hood's Sarsaparilla. The remarkable cures that have been effected by its use fall to impress upon your mind this repeatedly asked question? Thousands are using it, and all declare that it is a medicine possessing even more than we claim for it. My friend, if you cannot call yourself either sick or well, go and get a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and realize yourself how this medicine will cure you.

CONVINCE
Hood's Sarsaparilla.
Sold by all druggists. Price \$1 a bottle, or six bottles for \$5. C. L. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

From the Registrar of Deeds for Middlesex County, Northern District.

MESSRS. C. I. HOOD & CO., Gentlemen:—It affords me much pleasure to recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla. My health has been such that for some years past I have been obliged to take a tonic of some kind in the spring, and have never found anything that hit my wants as your Sarsaparilla. It tones up my system, purifies my blood, sharpens my appetite, and seems to make me over. Respectfully yours,
J. F. THOMPSON.

One of our prominent business men said to us the other day: "In the spring my wife got all run down and could not eat anything, passing your store I saw a pile of Hood's Sarsaparilla in the window, and I got a bottle. After she had been taking it a week she had a rousing appetite, and it did her everything. She took three bottles, and it was the best three dollars I ever invested."

Hood's Sarsaparilla.
Sold by all druggists. Price \$1 a bottle, or six bottles for \$5. C. L. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

WOODRUFF REDGRAPE

MICHIGAN FARMER

STATE JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

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P. B. BROMFIELD,
Manager of Eastern Office,
21 Park Row, New York.

The Michigan Farmer

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DETROIT, TUESDAY, JUNE 23, 1885.

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WHEAT.

The receipts of wheat in this market the past week amounted to 90,697 bu., against 93,031 bu., the previous week, and 14,956 bu. for corresponding week in 1884. Shipments for the week were 25,048 bu. The stocks of wheat now held in this city amount to 611,010 bu., against 602,500 last week and 178,345 bu. at the corresponding date in 1884. The visible supply of this grain on June 13 was 37,709,919 bu., against 37,234,271 the previous week, and 15,614,887 bu. at corresponding date in 1884. This shows an increase over the amount in sight the previous week of 565,648 bu. The export clearances for Europe for the week ending June 13 were 308,347 bu., against 741,032 the previous week, and for the last eight weeks they were 4,255,632 bu. against 7,476,743 for the corresponding eight weeks in 1884.

The market has ruled quiet all week, the fluctuations being light, and values slowly working up to the dollar line, which they seem inclined to favor. Trading was far from active, but spot was most sought after, showing that while speculative dealing was quiescent there is a favorable feeling for the cash article at present prices. Sales for the week were 265 cars of spot and 959,000 bu. of futures. The week closed with prices a little below those of Friday, and a rather weak feeling in the trade. Yesterday this market was dull, buyers both for spot and futures being few, and under reports of a like tenor from other points prices dropped a little. Opening prices for spot were about Saturday's figures, but later prices dropped, then reacted, and finally closed with both spot and futures lower than last sales on Saturday. At Chicago wheat was moderately active but weaker, under large sales of futures and more favorable crop reports; No. 2 red closed at 94c, and No. 3 red at 85c@84c, prices being a little better and steadier at the close. The Liverpool market is reported better for foreign wheat, and London market also.

The following table exhibits the daily closing prices of wheat from June 1 to June 22:

	No. 1	No. 2	No. 3
June 1	97	97	97
2	97	97	97
3	97	97	97
4	97	97	97
5	97	97	97
6	97	97	97
7	97	97	97
8	97	97	97
9	97	97	97
10	97	97	97
11	97	97	97
12	97	97	97
13	97	97	97
14	97	97	97
15	97	97	97
16	97	97	97
17	97	97	97
18	97	97	97
19	97	97	97
20	97	97	97
21	97	97	97
22	97	97	97

The following statement gives the closing figures on No. 1 white each day of the past week for the various days:

	July	Aug.	Sept.
Tuesday	1.00	1.00	1.00
Wednesday	1.00	1.00	1.00
Thursday	1.00	1.00	1.00
Friday	1.00	1.00	1.00
Saturday	1.00	1.00	1.00
Sunday	1.00	1.00	1.00

For No. 2 red the closing prices on the various days each day of the past week were as follows:

	July	Aug.	Sept.
Tuesday	1.00	1.00	1.00
Wednesday	1.00	1.00	1.00
Thursday	1.00	1.00	1.00
Friday	1.00	1.00	1.00
Saturday	1.00	1.00	1.00
Sunday	1.00	1.00	1.00

There is nothing new in the shape of statistics in regard to the growing crops. The outlook does not improve any, and the reports from California, Ohio, Kentucky, Missouri, Indiana, Kansas and Illinois present the most disastrous failure in the wheat crop for twenty years. While this is generally accepted as a true conclusion, the large amount of the old crop yet in the country is used as a potent lever to depress values. With business as it is it is possible to keep down prices, but any activity in the other lines of trade would necessarily cause an advance in the price of wheat. The latest California estimates give 34,000,000 bu., as the probable crop of that State this season; last season it was 36,000,000 bu.

The foreign markets, while kept down by the large offerings of foreign wheats, are stronger than a week ago. The Liverpool market has advanced slightly for American wheats.

The imports of flour and wheat into the United Kingdom from August 25, 1884, to May 30, 1885, have been equal to 109,401,370 bushels of wheat. The farmers' deliveries of home grown wheat during the same period have been equal to 47,196,800 bu. of wheat, making the total supply in 40 weeks 156,598,170 bushels against 160,000,

000 bushels estimated consumption during the same period, which is on the basis of 4,000,000 bushels per week for 40 weeks. The home wheat crop of 1884 was placed at 203,000,000 bushels for consumption for food, which is placed annually at 203,000,000 to 212,000,000 bushels. The remainder of home crop may be on passage for the United Kingdom May 30, 1885, 30,000 bushels wheat and flour. There are already provided 305,583,879 bushels, leaving to be purchased in foreign countries and shipped in time for arrival and use in this crop season 2,406,621 bushels to 6,406,621 bushels of wheat and wheat flour to give a full yearly supply. Of course it must be remembered that stocks of twenty to forty millions of bushels are always maintained, in Great Britain, and this has to be provided for as well as the consumption. Stocks are generally low there, as dealers during the season were afraid to purchase except as demands compelled them to. We look for the new crop to open low, and strengthen as the season advances.

CORN AND OATS.

The receipts of corn in this market the past week were 15,438 bu., against 23,237 bu. the previous week, and 11,681 bu. for corresponding week in 1884. Shipments were 24,438 bu. The visible supply in the country on June 13 amounted to 5,472,749 bu., against 6,407,155 bu. the previous week, and 8,450,815 bu. at the same date last year. The visible supply shows a decrease during the week of 923,706 bu. The exports for Europe the past week were 17,458 bu., against 837,536 bu. the previous week, and for the past eight weeks 2,357,205 bu., against 5,206,556 bu. for the corresponding period in 1884. The stocks now held in this city amount to 23,003 bu., against 25,568 bu. last week and 58,039 bu. at the corresponding date in 1884. Corn has improved during the week, and although it closed a little weaker on Saturday prices show a substantial advance from those reported a week ago. No. 2 mixed is quoted at 49c per bu., and July delivery at 49c. There is very little speculative trading going on, are only sustained by legitimate consumptive demands. The growing crop, although planted somewhat late in many sections, is looking well, and while suffering severely from the cutworm promises a fair average yield. The acreage, as a rule, has been increased in the great corn belt, owing to its being planted in the wheat fields that had been winter-killed. The Chicago market has ruled quiet and steady all week, and values are about the same as last reported.

No. 2 spot is selling there at 47c per bu., June delivery at 47c, July at 48c, and August at 48c. The Toledo market is quoted steady at 49c per bu. for cash, 49c for June delivery, and 49c for July. The Liverpool market is quoted firm, with new mix, ed quoted at 4s. 7d. per cental for spot, 4s. 7d. for July delivery, and 4s. 8d. for August.

The receipts of oats in this market the past week were 34,156 bu. against 34,363 bu. the previous week, and 625 bu. for the corresponding week in 1884. The shipments were 5,674 bu. The visible supply of this grain on June 13 was 3,251,314 bu., against 3,436,078 bu. at the corresponding date in 1884. Stocks in this city on Monday amounted to 53,878 bu., against 60,112 bu. the previous week, and 25,527 bu. at the corresponding date in 1884. The exports for Europe the past week were nothing, and for the last eight weeks were 287,870 bu., against 955,518 bu. for the corresponding weeks in 1884. The visible supply shows an increase of 435,179 bu. during the week. Oats are steady but very quiet, and values show a slight shrinkage. No. 2 white are held at 38c per bu., and No. 2 mixed at 38c@39c. There is no speculative demand, and prices are governed entirely by the cash article. The breadth shown this season is large, and the promise is good for a fair yield, in some instances better than last season. From the outlook those who sow the renowned \$10 a bushel Bohemian oats will not be in a pleasant frame of mind when they try to sell them. There will be a wonderful shrinkage in values, and a large gain in experience. The Chicago market is quiet and a shade lower than a week ago. No. 2 mixed spot are quoted there at 33c per bu., July delivery at 33c, and August at 33c. The Toledo market is quiet with No. 2 mixed selling at 35c per bu. The New York market is dull and depressed with prices lower on all grades. Quotations there are as follows: No. 2 mixed, 37c; No. 2 do, 38c@39c; No. 1 do, 39c; No. 2 Chicago mixed, 40c; No. 3 white, 38c; No. 3 do, 39c@40c; No. 1 white, 40c; Western white, 40c@44c; State white, 40c@43c.

DAIRY PRODUCTS.

There seems to be a little improvement in the tone of the butter market, consequent upon diminished receipts, but prices do not appear to have advanced any from the low range noted a week ago. Good to choice creamery is quoted at 18c@18c, and choice packed dairy at 12c@13c, with 14c sometimes paid for a choice lot. For low grade stock there is no inquiry, and it would be difficult to say how low it would sell. The weather is against the market, as if there is any weakness in the butter this warm weather develops it so rapidly that what was fair stock in the country is frequently started on its way to become "grease" before it reaches the market. It looks as if this was the very worst time the market could see this season, and that prices had reached their lowest ebb. Would it not be well to store a part of the product at least until the market hardens? We make the suggestion because we do not believe the chances of loss are nearly so many as those in favor of its being good policy. The Chicago market is firmer for fine stock, owing to light receipts, and holders are looking for better prices. Values on the best stock show some improvement the past week. Quotations there are as follows: Creamery, fancy, 17c; do, common to choice, 14c@16c; dairy, choice, 12c@13c; do, fancy, 14c@15c; fair to good dairy, 10c@11c; common grades, 8c@9c; inferior,

4c@6c. The New York market has advanced a little during the week on choice stock, but business is very light, the export demand taking very little, and the week closed with a dull feeling in the trade. Quotations there are as follows: Creamery, fancy, 18c@19c; do, common to choice, 14c@16c; dairy, choice, 12c@13c; do, fancy, 14c@15c; fair to good dairy, 10c@11c; common grades, 8c@9c; inferior, 4c@6c.

In its weekly review of the market the N. Y. Daily Bulletin of Saturday says: "There is not much to say about the market to-day. Demand is slow from all quarters, the offering fair, and, while about former rates are quoted, the position has become in a measure nominal. Holders, to be sure, ask quite as high as any price yet made, especially on the choice and fancy grades, but it is rather broadly intimated that reasonable concessions would be granted rather than permit a desirable customer to go away empty handed. The market continues full, the shipments reported moderate, especially from this State, and receivers, while more anxious to sell their lines of creamery, are indifferent and it is too late in the week to coax back exporters, even were a reduction on cost made, as few positive orders have been received from abroad at any limit."

The exports of butter from American ports for the week ending June 13 were 196,439 lbs., against 278,954 lbs. the previous week, and 246,771 lbs. two weeks previous. The exports for the corresponding week in 1884 were 225,180 lbs. The cheese market is dull and weak, with prices showing no improvement. Good to choice full cream State is selling at 7c@8c per lb., and State skims at 5c@6c. Ohio full cream are quoted at 7c@8c, and a slow market. There is a general feeling of depression in the trade owing to the light demand for stock from all sources. In the Chicago market quotations on new stock are as follows: Young America, full cream, 7c@8c; full cream cheddar, 6c@7c; flat, 6c@7c; skimmed, 4c@5c; damaged and centrifugal, 4c@5c. The New York market is depressed and lower and with the home demand light and uncertain and the foreign trade unsettled and fluctuating, there is not a promising outlook at the moment for holders. Quotations in that market yesterday were as follows:

State factory, fancy, 7c@7 3/4c; State factory, choice, 6c@6 3/4c; State factory, good, 5c@5 3/4c; State factory, fair, 4c@4 3/4c; State factory, night skims, 3c@3 3/4c; Ohio, full cream, 7c@7 3/4c; Ohio, skims, 5c@5 3/4c; Pennsylvania, common to good, 4c@4 3/4c.

The N. Y. Daily Bulletin says of the market: "With all former elements of depression extant the market has continued on the downward turn and cost is once more reduced throughout the entire market. On the few lots that appeared to come through all right an effort was made to retain 7c, but if that rate was made at all it proved exceptional, and 7c proved the rate for some of the best factories in proper condition, with 7c afterward accepted and the latter practically the best-selling basis at the close for anything available, though it is said that some holders imagine they have confidence in the future and have concluded to carry over rather than accept the above figures. All medium and under grades have naturally shown decided irregularity, and 6c@5c seemed to be a full rate for some pretty fine stock, and holders generally were anxious to find customers at almost any figure."

The Liverpool market is quoted steady at 37s. per cwt., an advance of 6d. per cwt. from the figures reported one week ago. The receipts of cheese in the New York market the past week were 66,736 boxes against 48,876 boxes the previous week, and 86,956 boxes the corresponding week in 1884. The exports from all American ports for the week ending June 13 foot up 3,973,897 lbs., against 4,710,490 lbs. the previous week, and 3,529,865 lbs. two weeks ago. The exports for the corresponding week last year were 5,102,650 lbs.

WOOL.

At the moment wool and its value is the topic of most interest to a majority of our farmers. Most of them who have flock of sheep have their fleeces ready for market, and whether to accept present prices, or hold on for a time is the problem upon which they are thinking very generally. As will be seen by reports from all over the State published in another column, 35c is the highest price yet paid for good washed fleeces in this State. Most of the sales are from 21 to 23c for washed, and 18c@19c for unwashed. This is fully 5c per lb. below what our wool growers should be receiving; but if they decide to sell at those figures, most certainly buyers are not the men to offer them any more. So long as the new clip is coming forward manufacturers, dealers, buyers, and all their allies, will labor assiduously to keep down prices. They will point out the low prices of woolsens, the stagnation of trade, the losses sustained by manufacturers, etc., etc., as reasons why wools should sell lower this season than last. It is business for them to get stocks just as low as possible and it certainly is business on the part of wool growers to take the best methods possible to secure every cent they can for an article that has taken them a year to produce. Wool is selling below its value, and there is not a man to-day whose business enables him to form anything of a correct opinion in regard to this staple but knows it.

The eastern markets are in a quiet state, dealers and manufacturers evidently waiting for something to turn up, or for the wool-growers to send forward their clips at present values so as to enable them to turn an honest penny by securing them at low prices. To purchase freely now would "give them away," and we note that the Boston Commonwealth Bulletin says wool brokers are advising hand-to-mouth purchases, evidently for fear of starting prices upwards should they be going to buy to any extent. Referring to the Boston market that paper says: "Business continues on a sound,

healthy footing, although the prices even of wool remain low and the discouraged ones are prophesying a fall of Michigan X to 25c within ninety days. As the market looks to day, it is more likely that the next three months will see a steady, quiet business at about the present quotations. The announced prospective decline in Michigan is based upon the idea that Texas must certainly go lower before the season is over. Woolsens remain quiet, the chief feature being the extraordinary duration of the demand for odd lots of light weight cashmere for resort resortment. The stocks in the hands of the clothiers are fairly well sold out.

That "prospective decline" in Michigan wool is just too rich for anything; but shows how the market is being worked on rumors and prophecies. The sales in that market the past week comprised 1,417,417 lbs. domestic and 30,000 lbs. of foreign against 1,520,000 lbs. domestic and 301,200 lbs. for the same week last year. The total sales of wool in Boston since January 1, 1885, have been 64,138,117 pounds, against 47,671,500 pounds for the same time last year. This is an increase of 16,456,617 pounds. Sales during the week were made upon the basis of the following quotations:

Ohio XX and above	33	34
Ohio XX	32	33
Ohio X	30	31
Ohio	29	30
Michigan X	28	29
Michigan	27	28
Michigan X	26	27
Michigan	25	26
Michigan X	24	25
Michigan	23	24
Michigan X	22	23
Michigan	21	22
Michigan X	20	21
Michigan	19	20
Michigan X	18	19
Michigan	17	18
Michigan X	16	17
Michigan	15	16
Michigan X	14	15
Michigan	13	14
Michigan X	12	13
Michigan	11	12
Michigan X	10	11
Michigan	9	10
Michigan X	8	9
Michigan	7	8
Michigan X	6	7
Michigan	5	6
Michigan X	4	5
Michigan	3	4
Michigan X	2	3
Michigan	1	2
Michigan X	0	1

The New York market there is not much additional to say. It is under the same influences as are now dominating that of Boston—only a little more so. We note among the sales XX Ohio at 32c, Ohio at 30c, Michigan X at 27c, New York State at 27c, unwashed fleece at 20c, fine graded choice Texas at 23c, spring Texas at 18c@24c, and spring California at 18c. The Economist of that city rises to remark:

"The market is quite inert and prices rule very low. Texas wool arrives freely and the best sorts are meeting with a moderate demand at prices which leave only a very narrow margin. Poor Texas and other sorts are slow and neglected at apparently very low rates. In the northern sections the best and purest wools are not off the sheep's backs yet owing to the coldness of the weather up to date. The farmers have a double object in view here—they are too slow to rush wool to market and after washing the sheep it needs a hot sun to bring out the grease or the oil matter to add to its weight. In Ohio they have made some sales of fine wool at 28c, but at this price farmers are not free sellers."

A broad wool just about holds its own. The London sales now in progress show a slight decline in some grades of Australia, but it is more from the condition of the wool owing to the severe drought experienced there the past season than from any weakness in the trade. Choice wools are quoted scarce and firm. It is reported that the resignation of Mr. Gladstone caused a decline in all grades, and American dealers at once cabled in orders for considerable purchases at the decline. Before they could be filled, however, the market reacted, and dealers were unable to close sales except at advanced rates. The orders therefore had to be left unfilled.

The Texas Live Stock Journal says: "The fact cannot be denied that Texas was short last year as compared with the previous year, and this year is 20 per cent below last year. The Texas clip of 1885 is not over 30,000,000 lbs. Next year it will be less if prices do not rise sufficient to be some guarantee of a return to a proper condition, and this year is 20 per cent below last year. The result of the change in tariff is no evident in the decreased production here."

The story going the rounds now of a 60,000,000 lb. clip in Texas this season should now be laid away until next season, as the wool-growers know better. In conclusion we have left to add to what we said last week. If wool-growers rush their clips into market it will most certainly be disastrous to them and they will have to accept any price offered. If they show no disposition to sacrifice their wool, by accepting prices as quoted at present, prices may not advance but it will certainly strengthen the market. You will not have another clip to sell for a year, and a thousand things may happen in that time. Values are at the bottom, and the chances are ten in favor of an advance to one in favor of a further decline.

In this week's issue we give place to a letter from Mr. Purvis of Ohio, criticizing the awards on Merino sheep at the New Orleans Exposition. As the judging of stock at such an exhibition is a matter of public interest, it is of course a matter for legitimate criticism, and we could not therefore exclude the communication from our columns. That Mr. John P. Ray can answer the charge made against him we have not the slightest doubt, and we shall be pleased to give him every opportunity to set himself right in the eyes of those who have accused him of allowing his partiality for his friends to get the better of his judgment. The only way such exhibitions can be made of value to the sheep interests of the country is to have the awards free from any suspicion of favoritism, and we hope Mr. Ray will set that point down as to put a stop to the rumors that have been floating around the country ever since the awards were made public.

The law passed by the New York Legislature prohibiting the manufacture and sale of oleomargarine, butnerine and other imitations of butter, has been declared unconstitutional by the Supreme Court of the State. This is not unexpected, as we more than hinted would be the case when the measure became a law. It cannot be made a crime to mix lard or suet oil with butter; but it is a fraud to sell such a compound as genuine butter, and the law should have been based upon that view of the case entirely. We are very much afraid that our State law will prove a dead letter from the same reason, and two years must elapse before it can be amended.

THE MERINO SHEEP EXHIBIT AT NEW ORLEANS.

To the Editor of the Michigan Farmer.

I have before me letters from breeders of Spanish Merino Sheep in the States of New York and Vermont asking in effect why Ohio sheep did not make a better showing in the matter of taking premiums at New Orleans. Now, while Ohio breeders are willing to be vanquished by merit they object to being beaten by chicanery and trickery of any kind. By way of introduction I want to say one thing, and then I will a "tale unfold" that will show plainly why Ohio sheep did not come off with more honors, and why every premium, with one exception, taken by Vermont breeders, went to the flock of one man or to animals descended from his flock.

It is not my purpose to underrate Vermont sheep, for from her flocks Ohio has drawn many a time and oft; but no one will dispute there are as good sheep in Ohio as there are in Vermont, for when an Ohio breeder goes to Vermont for sheep, he, if a good judge, stops not for a few dollars, and generally gets the worth of his money. Please stick a pin here, for I want the reader to remember that some of the best sheep ever bred in Vermont have been bought by Ohio men.

Remembering this it naturally seems strange to good judges like the New York and Vermont men who wrote the letter before me, that Ohio got so few of the awards at New Orleans, but when the facts are brought to light the mystery is cleared up and it becomes time for somebody to rise and explain.

The Ohio Spanish Merino Sheep Breeders' Association decided to make an exhibit, and the late S. W. Thomas and Mr. Dan. Giddings were appointed by the Association to take charge of it. Mr. Thomas got sick, and Capt. J. G. Blue was put in his place. Then 65 of the best Spanish Merinos in Ohio were selected and taken to New Orleans by Messrs. Giddings and Blue. When they arrived they found the Vermont exhibit there in charge of H. C. Burwell, and for a few days things seemed to be going all right, when John P. Ray, of New York, appeared as one of the committee on awards, and as the sequel showed, he was the only one who came for this purpose. Then began interested parties to talk of judging the exhibits by one expert instead of by a committee of two and an umpire. This talk did not suit all parties concerned, and Mr. John A. Cross, Superintendent of the Sheep Department, called a meeting of the exhibitors to get their opinion in the matter. This meeting was attended by every exhibitor of sheep, I think, and the first motion was one by H. C. Burwell that Mr. John P. Ray act as the committee on awards without assistance. This motion was promptly voted down and a motion that a committee of three be appointed prevailed. Mr. Cross, who acted as chairman of the meeting, then announced that some names had been named. These names were those of John Taylor of Illinois, Geo. W. Robinson of Ohio, and John P. Ray of New York, and these gentlemen were elected by the meeting as the committee. A motion was then made and carried that Mr. Ray act as umpire, and immediately trouble began. Mr. Burwell announced that he would have nothing to do with the exhibition, in fact would not show his sheep, and left the hall. In two minutes or less Burwell and Ray, arm-in-arm, were seen making a bee-line for the Government building. The meeting then adjourned, and a few minutes afterward Mr. Ray announced to some of the exhibitors that he was going home; that he would not act as umpire; he came there, he said, to judge the sheep, and if he could not do so he was going home. But he did not go that night, and next morning Mr. Cross called another meeting at which Mr. Ray was made one of the committee and Mr. Taylor was made umpire. The arrangement was concurred in by a majority of the exhibitors and the making of awards began.

The awards were made, and every dollar in premium money taken by Vermont sheep went to H. C. Burwell or his brother. Pennsylvania showed in two classes and got one fourth premium and then withdrew from the show, seeing that merit had nothing to do with placing the awards. Missouri got nothing, not because H. V. Pugsley and S. Jewett have not good sheep but because they were not fortunate enough to be on the slate. Ohio sheep got first on ram lambs, first on yearling ewes and sweepstakes for best ram any age. Besides these they got a few minor premiums. Do you think they got these premiums merely because they happened to be the best sheep in the show? Not at all. They were given because Ohio made the largest exhibit and some thing must be done to give an appearance of fairness to the thing. The fact that the premiums given the Ohio sheep were not, in the opinion of good judges, placed on the best animals support this conclusion. Ohio got sweepstakes on ram any age, but it is very probable that if exact justice had been done the premium would have been given to a yearling ram exhibited by J. T. & E. Stickney, of Vermont; and I believe a majority of the Ohio breeders would have been satisfied if that had been done. But the programme had been made and it was necessary to stick to it or the well laid plans of Mr. Burwell and his pet John P. Ray might have miscarried. The plain fact is that Ohio breeders were not afraid of anything in the show except the Sticksney ram, and if justice had been done, the ewes from Ohio, carrying dense, long, white and stylish fleeces weighing from 19 to 24 pounds, would have been placed far ahead of the wrinkly, short-wooled "jarry" fleeced animals that were given the honors over them.

There is no doubt in my mind that the awards were arranged before any of the sheep were on the grounds, and in proof of this I will quote from a letter, written by a New York breeder, dated May 4, 1885: "DEAR SIR:—I have been waiting for some account of the New Orleans awards on sheep but as yet have not heard anything. Thinking of your stock and especially of the ram bred by Barton I have felt quite anxious to know how you came out. * * * I felt while there as well as of this State do, you would object to his being on the committee. But not wishing to injure him I said nothing. I

will show you why I felt so. A few weeks before our annual meeting last winter Mr. Ray and a select few who are directly interested in his and Mr. Burwell's stock went to Vermont and organized a new register on this basis: that all sheep not tracing directly to their flocks should not be eligible to their register. Judging from the interest he really must have in the Burwell sheep I thought the rest of you stood a poor show. * * * There has been a great deal of talk about his being on the committee."

That lets the cat out of the bag, and when it is coupled to the fact that Mr. Ray went to Vermont and saw the Burwell sheep before they were taken to New Orleans, it develops the presence of a very large "nigger in the woodpile."

This is how the matter seems to stand: Burwell and Ray go off into a flock by themselves and organize a new Register. Ray buys his rams of Burwell. Burwell takes his sheep to New Orleans and by methods known to himself gets Ray on the committee. Ray gives Burwell all the premiums he dares to without running imminent risk of being called a hox in the guise of a gentleman. In short, Ray scratches Burwell's back and Burwell performs the same operation for Ray.

This has been written at the request of a prominent and very widely known breeder of Vermont, who says: "I want you or some other Ohio man to publish the facts in some paper and let the world know how H. C. Burwell managed to carry off all at New Orleans. * * * So far as I am concerned I want the world to know the facts. * * * Don't let us sit back and say nothing."

I have set down nothing in malice but have tried to tell a straight and honest story. Messrs. Burwell and Ray are invited to rise and explain.

We, the undersigned Ohio breeders of Spanish Merino sheep, believe the above to be a plain statement of fact.

DAN. GIDDINGS,
J. L. DUNN,
J. H. HARRIS,
W. F. HOBART,
BURTON CASE,
H. W. HART,
J. G. BLUE.

Sheep and Wool Notes.

A MEMBER of the firm of Messrs. Manger & Avery who has just returned from Texas, puts the loss of sheep in that State the past winter at 25 per cent. He estimates that the fall and spring clip this year will not be over 30,000,000 pounds.

The National Live Stock Journal says the wool clip of Texas is estimated at sixty millions of pounds. This is in defiance with a vengeance. Texas never produced sixty million pounds of wool in two years. That estimate is considerably more than double what it should be.

JUMBO, the celebrated ram owned by Mr. J. S. Beecher, of New York, died from consumption of the lungs a few days ago. Jumbo was noted as having cut the heaviest year

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to cure all the ails flesh
age Monday afternoon.
t of shekels he left on

The constitutionality of the New York oleomargarine law rendered last week, says it prevents competition, places a bar upon progress and invention, and invades the rights of persons and property guaranteed by the constitution.

SHORTHORNS FOR SALE.
Three young bulls fit for service, well bred and good individual animals. Also some choice heifers. Terms reasonable. Correspondence solicited. Address—**K. BRACH, HOWELL, MICH.**

For Sale.
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 Red and white in color, with pedigrees of
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 C. F. MOORE
 St. Clair, Mich.

W. Wilcox, Oakland Co., Breeder in Cattle, of the Kirklevington, Fine, Crutcher, Ayresby Lady, Mrs. Lady Helen, Rosemary, and other families. Herd of pure bull Kirklevington Lad and 49940.

W. W. TURNS, Delhi Mills, W. Va.
breeder of pure Suffolk and C
Swine. Choice stock for sale.

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Poetry

STAY WITH THE MOTHER WHEN HER HAIR TURNS GRAY.

We stood in the press at the ferry gate,
Breathless, weary, and just too late,
Watching the great boat plunge and strain
Through a roaring chaos of ice and rain;
And over the sullen crash and din
Of the turbulent flood that thundered in,
Over the fret of the restless crowd,
A young voice, caroling sweet and loud,
Rose for a moment, and beat the air
Like the strong white wings of the angel, prayer:
"O feet that are fain to go astray,
Stay with the mother when her hair turns gray!"

Only the words of a worn quatrain,
With a pitiful plea in its refrain,
Only a lad's voice, sweet and strong,
Telling the catch of a threadbare song.
But a nameless something, it might have been
The touch that maketh the whole world kin,
Quickened and warmed to a kinlier mood
The hearts of the listening multitude;
Crest with a tender, if transient, grace,
Like a glimmer of mo'ning, from face to face,
As the tired and shivering crowd made way
For the pale little woman whose hair was gray.

There's an instrument looked in each world-harsh
And breast
Whose compass may never be proven or guessed;
But the dominant chord of its grand master key,
In the score of existence, is sweet sympathy,
Of in spite of the bitter corrosion of tears,
Of the rust and the dust of our work-a-day years,
Though on our hearts' altars the ashes may lie
Like the dead roses dropped from all summers
gone by.

In the gamut of life those electrical chords
Breathe a music that may not be fashioned to
words;
But the magical something that beats in each
breast
Ever thrills and responds to the highest and best,
As the hearts of the multitude exclaim that day:
"Stay with the mother when her hair turns gray!"

CAT-TAILS.

Clear, dark and cool, a shallow pool
Lies underneath the summer sky,
Low rippling in the redgy grass
As wayward winds go tripping by.
And fleecing shadows lightly skim
Across the water hand in hand
And vanish in a reedy point
Where slender, waving cat-tails stand.

And in the wondrous summer sky,
"Old Sol" his golden comers swings,
And in the pool the bubbles break
And lose themselves in floating rings,
While blades of grass bend low to greet
The blue-veined lilies resting there,
And high above their drooping heads
The cat-tails drink the summer air.

Across the pool with winged things,
The "devil's darning needles" fly;
And deep among the shady flags
The croaking frogs securely lie;
A red-winged blackbird's liquid notes
Sound clear and sweet, "co-chee—co chee!"
And in the breeze's cradling arms
The cat-tails rock in airy glees.

Miscellaneous.

A MULE'S OBSTINACY.

And How It Led to a Marriage.

About two miles from my house on my
Dakota wheat farm, stands one tall, lone-
ly tree. It is the only object in sight
that breaks the low horizon, and for many
a long mile, north, south, east and west,
no other tree can be found. It stands just
at the high bank of Smoky river, which
goes curling and winding across the coun-
try westward, and close beside it stands
Chris Tronsen's log house, built of logs
brought down the river in the spring time
from the North.

One day, early last spring, I had been
to the next town to get an iron bolt made
at the blacksmith's, to replace one that
had been broken the day before, and was
riding home. My mule was loping at a
good rate along the road which follows
the river. And as we reached Chris's log
house, which had just been newly white-
washed outside, I saw Chris sitting calm-
ly on the door step, while Lotta, his wife,
was lifting the heavy harness, and throw-
ing it on to "Yack," their old white mule.

"Chris must be either sick or very
lazy," I said to myself "to sit and let his
wife harness the mules." I did not know
much about Chris then, but giving him the
benefit of the doubt, I shouted, in
passing:

"Sick, Chris?"

Chris shook his head in what I thought
was a rather sheepish way, and Lotta
looked over her shoulder and laughed.

In the hurry of the day's work, this oc-
currence slipped from my mind. But some
time afterward, when I happened to pass
their place again, I saw Lotta out in the
fields driving the mules, which were fast-
ened to the seeder. This in itself would
not have been surprising, for the Nor-
wegian women in the Territory, with their
vigorous frames and robust health, often
work with their husbands at the out-
door labor. But I saw great, robust
Chris himself paring potatoes outside the
door. And just as I rose into view from
below the river-bank, he caught up his
pan and slipped into the house.

"No doubt he is a lazy, good-for-noth-
ing fellow," I said to myself, "who has a
thrifty, energetic wife. And so she sits
down and does her own work, while he
is out sowing the wheat. It might not
have a bad result if he could be harnessed
up with one of the mules for a day, and
made to work under the whip."

After that I saw Chris himself at work
in the field himself several times. But
one evening, a week or two later, I passed
there again. The mules were fastened out-
side the straw barn. The ground had been
very wet for two or three days past,
and of course the mule's legs were fairly
coated with sticky mud, which had par-
tially dried on. Lotta was hard at work
over the old white mule, scrubbing and
rubbing, scraping and brushing and cur-
rying, as if her life depended on her suc-
cess. And there, on an overturned barrel,
sat Chris, much at his ease, calmly smok-
ing his pipe and looking complacently on.
I remembered what I had said to myself
before about his laziness, and now I added:

"I will just stop for a few minutes, and
see if the presence of a stranger won't
shame the fellow into taking off his coat
and going to work in his wife's place."

So I tied my mule to a ring at the corner

of the house, and walked over to where
Chris was sitting. He looked up and
smiled, and said, "Good-evening" with
the same sheepish expression I had notic-
ed before. And Lotta paused for a mo-
ment and stood up, her face glowing with
the exertion, and laughed—I thought she
would have done better to give her hus-
band a good shaking—and said it was
very warm. Then she went to work again,
to get through, so she said, before dark.
But my best I could not lead the con-
versation to any explanation of the stran-
ge state of affairs, and Chris showed
no disposition to take hold of the work
himself.

When it was dark, Lotta led the two
mules to their stalls, and then Latta Chris
condescended to rise and fasten the barn
door. I was sure by their manner, and by
Chris's expression when the subject was
brought, that either he was outrageously
lazy, or there were some odd explanation
of his wife's doing so much of his hard
work, while he sat idle. So I took pains,
as I met one neighbor and another here
and there about town, to make inquiries
about Chris. And with one accord they
all gave the same answer.

"Had Chris Tronsen a good reputa-
tion?"

"Yes, very good."

"Was he industrious and steady?"

"As hard-working and steady as any
man in town."

"Did he treat his wife kindly?"

"There could be no doubt of it. He
was as kind-hearted as he was hard-work-
ing."

"Then why, I would ask myself, "was
his wife always plowing, or rubbing
down mules, while he looked on and did
nothing?"

This all happened in the spring and
early summer. But it is only about a
week ago now that I drove over to Chris's
one mild evening, to get some bags that I
had lent him to use in carrying his grain
to the elevator.

After Chris had got the bags and thrown
them into my light wagon, he and Lotta
asked me into their little parlor, the walls
of which were simply the inner side of the
logs, fitted, closed and hewed smooth.
There was a gray-colored carpet on the
floor, and on the whole the room was
quite cheery and comfortable, and we sat
down in the twilight under a lamp. Af-
ter we had talked for some time about the
crops and prices, and the best way of
hanking up houses in winter, in which
Chris was greatly interested, I said to
Lotta:

"But you have worked almost as hard
as Chris this year. You must be glad the
summer is over."

Chris shifted uneasily in his seat. Lotta
laughed.

"So now I shall tell why it was so,
Chris," she said, looking at Chris.

He only nodded in silence. He appar-
ently did not anticipate much pleasure
from the recital.

"But no," said Lotta, "you shall tell
those first part, and I shall tell those last
part, that is how we shall do."

Chris appeared still more uneasy, and
laughed nervously, but after a moment's
hesitation, he plunged into his explana-
tion of what I had so often wondered at.

"You had only lived here two years?" he
said.

"That is all," I said.

"Well, so this is all happen one year
longer ago as that," he said. "Those time
I live alone in sod shanty, and Ruya and
Oscar—those was the two mule, the last
one he named for the King of Sweden
and Norway, because he is so good—they
live in other sod shanty. I had only twenty
acres broke then, and ready for sowing
seed. Very few neighbors then. Only Mr.
Knudt Qualley and Mr. Petersen near
here. So then Mr. Jannsen, father of
Lotta, he come to live very near—only
four mile away. And sometime I see Lotta
on Sunday at meeting to Mr. Qualley's
house, and sometimes I go to Mr. Jann-
sen's house to borrow something. Then I
go there almost every day to borrow some-
things, and Mr. Jannsen say:

"Mr. Tronsen, you lose great time to
borrow something, but I say I like to
ride so far to borrow something."

"And almost every time it was Lotta
what brought me those things what I
came to borrow, and she tells me to come
often. She say they always very glad to
borrow me anything."

"Now I can see," I said, smiling, "why
Lotta did not tell this part of the story."

"Oh, no," said Lotta, "it is not any
reasons at all. Chris he knows why he
did come so often to see my father, bet-
ter as I do."

"Well," said Chris, continuing, "so
those days I was very bashful, and I
never dare to say for talk with Lotta. I
always talk only with Mr. Jannsen.
Mr. Jannsen very good man," he added,
in explanation, "but I rather talk to
Lotta. But I always afraid, so I make
believe I go every day to visit Mr. Jan-
sen and borrow something. And Mr.
Jannsen he think I was his very good
friend. So he say one day, 'Chris, I
never had any one care so much for me
before, like you does, and come so every
day to talk with me. So when I see
Lotta, I never knows what to say, and so
I borrow knife, or nails, or shovel and go
right away."

"So one day, after I go away, I say to
myself, 'Next time I shall go and I shall
say, 'I have not come to see Mr. Jannsen,
I have not come to borrow something. I
have come to see Lotta, and I shall talk with
Lotta.' But when next time comes, I
cannot dare to say so. And I talk with
Mr. Jannsen all times. So by-and-by I
want to ask Lotta to be married with me,
and come and live here after new house is
built. But I could not dare to talk to her
about that. Well, then, so I had saved
up my money for long time, for build
house. But Oscar—those mule named for
King of Sweden and Norway—he die,
those good old mule! Poor Oscar! And
so I must go and take those money, and
buy new mule, so I buy white Yack."

An expression of actual misery settled
on his face at this mention of white Yack,
and it took him a moment to recover
equanimity.

"Those dreadful mule!" he exclaimed,
in continuation. "He eat and eat and
eat. He eat his oats, he eat his hay, he

eat his straw bed all night. But he would
not let to work. He let to put his ears
up straight, and stand up on his front
legs, or lie down and roll after those
harness is on. Sometimes he lie right
down in furrow and roll, and break har-
ness. And fire pour out of his eyes. He
are a dreadful mule. So I whip him some
—not too much, I very kind," he added,
at a reproachful look from Lotta—"and
starve him—only starve him little bit
to make him feel sorry for been cross.
But all no good. He jump and bite and
kick and sometimes he will not do some
work at all. So I could not tell what I
shall do. One day I is working in field
near house, with both mules, and he stops
and puts his back heels clear up in the air.
Then he just going to lie down, but I
whip him—only a little, very easy. So
he did not lie down. He only stand
still. He stand still half an hour. First
I try to pull him, but he stick his hoofs
in dirt and pull back. Then I try to coax
him, but those fire come out of his eyes,
and he snort and stand still. When I
been got all discouraged, I saw Lotta go-
ing down those road on ox-team with lit-
tle brother. Those oxen stop, and I go to
road to see Lotta. So Lotta laugh and say:

"Good morning, Mr. Tronsen. Why
do you and mule stand still all times in
field?"

"Then I say, 'I do not know; you
must ask Yack.'"

"Then Lotta say, 'Does those mule
willing to work?'"

"So I say, 'Those white mule, he will
not work, he will only stand still. I
half pull him, and I half push him, and he
will not go.'"

"So then Lotta say, 'Well I think if I
shall ask him to go, he will go. Mules
and dogs and cats love me all times.'"

"And I say, 'Well, I think he will
go.'"

"So she get off ox team, and we go out
to where Yack stand. Then she put her
face on Yack's old white face, and she
rub his nose and talks to him little while,
and make him believe he are very hand-
some and very kind. So then she say:

"Now, Yack, let me see you plow
some furrow so nice."

"So I takes reins, and Yack start and
work better as he never had work before,
and she walk along and talk to him. So
by-and-by she had to go away. And after
she go away we feels very lonesome, and
Yack he keep on and work hard all day.
And that night I gif him more oats, and
big, soft bed. But he eat it all up, every
scrap. Well, he work very well for few
days, and then he got bad more. So
every time he got bad I drive him over to
see Lotta. He always willing to go. And
he be so ugly, and bite and snore, and
stamp his feet, and wrinkle his nose. But
after Lotta talk with him little while,
and tell him he very handsome and how
he must be good and work hard, he get so
gentle and run home very fast and be so
good. But he likes to go to see Lotta too
often. Sometimes he will go every day.
If he cannot go to see Lotta pat him and
talk to him, he will not work. So when
harvest time been come, I are very busy,
I cannot go to see Lotta every day. It
were impossible. I tell Yack so, but it
didn't do some good at all. He should
not work. He only bite, and wrinkle
his nose and look ugly, and some fire
come out of his eyes. And while he are
ugly, those wheat must be cut, or it get
spoiled. It are those whole year's work.
It must not been lost. I rule me to sit
still in harvest, and not cut my wheat.
But Yack would not work. He hate me,
and almost every body. So one evening
we went over to see Lotta about it. She
came out to road to see Yack, and rub his
nose, and pat him and tell him to work.
And so I jes' told her how it was. I
told her how Yack he ugly at all times
and would not work, because he hate me.
But he talk to him and pat him. Then he
work. I tell her all about what, how it
must been cut, I tell her I don't know
what to do about it—and then I stop.

"So then she say she don't know what
to do about it."

"So then I get very bold and say:

"Lotta, I want time want to ask you
to get married with me. But will you af-
raid you would laugh at me. But will you
not come?"

"So she look down on ground, and
poke little stone with her shoe, for long
time, and by-and-by she say:

"Perhaps, Chris, by-and-by."

"I had want you to come for ever so
long," I said. "But how can I wait now?
Yack hate me. He will not work for me.
I shall lose my wheat, for I can get no one
to help me; they are all busy. So then I
shall have no money to build house, and
we cannot get married at all."

"Lotta poke the little stone with her
foot more for long time, and look
at ground. It been got very dark, and
everything so still and quiet."

"After awhile she say in very low
voice:

"My father been say that Pastor Hof-
sen shall be at our house to see him, to-
morrow."

"That was all she say. Then after a
minute, she turn and run into the house.
So I talk some more with Mr. Jannsen,
and tell him I want to borrow one thing
more to keep always. He very much sur-
prised. He say he always thought I come
to see him, all those times."

"And next day—"

"So if I do not tell the rest," said Lot-
ta, from her corner, "I shall tell to-
morrow. So we been got married those next
day, when Pastor Hofsen come, and I
came here and feed Yack, and rub him
down and lead him when he are cross,
and he did work hard and saved all those
wheat. He let me very much, but when
he are very cross, he will not work if
Chris stay near him at all. Those times
I drive him. I likes to drive Yack and
plow. I plenty strong. Chris, he don't
like it, but he can't help himself. Nobody
will buy Yack, and we cannot buy some
other mule yet. But Yack are getting
old. He has lost two teeth this summer.
So I hope when he is old he will not be
so ugly, but will get kinder like some old
people, and then he will love me and love
Chris too."

I confess I do not share Lotta's faith
in Yack's reformation. But I thought
the explanation of her work in the field
now and then, while Chris sat idle,
was a very good one.—*Youth's Companion.*

ONE OLD MAID.

A lowering morning, which made one
wish for the sunny south or for Italy, for
any place which would make one feel
happier than could this dismal morning in
Wisconsin. And then to think that this
train could not make connection with the
eastward bound train! It is hard enough
to stop at such a miserable little junction
at any time, but to spend three hours here
this dark morning must prove the very
refinement of torture. There are a dozen
passengers who must wait and who pre-
pare to make the best of their stay here.
One couple, evidently just married, find
the clouds of a very rosy color, and they
walk out of the smoky old depot to make
a tour of the little town, talking eagerly
the while. Two young fellows wander
uneasily about, reading all the old, tattered
posters, glowing inducements to go
west and ancient time tables, which in-
variably decorate the stained walls of a
country depot. These young fellows final-
ly utter exclamations of impatience at the
dreary monotony, and go across the street
to the hotel, hoping to find something
more congenial to them.

Two ladies at once take their departure
for the hotel, and other people stroll out
about the depot, and there are left two
persons, a man and woman, who, after a
little time, settle themselves to reading to
pass away the weary moments. He reads
his paper and she her book, and occasion-
ally, womanlike, she casts a look at her
silent companion, wondering what loved
ones are awaiting his arrival, and whether
he is impatient to greet them, or if he feels
a man's stoicism in regard to it; wonder-
ing, too, how it is that each woman thinks
the masculine lives connected with hers so
full of many graces and beauty, and who
could find manly beauty in those rugged
features? Then she turned her gentle
eyes toward the dirty window and looked
out at the dreary landscape, looked with
eyes which saw not outward objects, but
were introspective solely. An old maid,
commonly supposed to be the type of dis-
content and unrest, but here, evidently,
the type failed, for this face expressed the
utmost of content. Life had been filled
with much of sorrow with her, all her
bright plans had failed of fruition; one
after another she had bidden good-by to
them and had turned bravely again to face
the coming of a new future, a future to be
peopled again by her bright fancies—the
old fancies all dead and gone from her ex-
cept as they lingered in memory.

An old maid she is, as far as years go,
but no home is happier than her little
ideal home. She had filled its rooms with
bright little faces eagerly calling to moth-
er, and the dream father is strong, ear-
nest, helpful and loving. Her dream-home
is happier far than many a fine
lady's real home, although she had not
pictured any grandeur about it. Oh, no,
she dreams that the carpets are faded from
much sunlight, and worn from the tread of
many little feet, that there is much plan-
ning to "make both ends meet," but she has
imagined unselfishness in this ideal home,
and loving unselfishness can make all
trials in regard to ways and means seem
very slight indeed. Her companion in this
depot is an elderly person, a stout,
large man, with keen eyes and a mouth at
complete odds with the eyes, not belonging
to them, apparently. Often eyes do not
harmonize in coloring with the rest of a
face, but generally expressions are strong-
ly akin. This man had a sensitive mouth,
one with a mournful droop to it. Those
who looked at him caught themselves
wondering which would conquer—keen,
hard eyes or sensitive mouth. He read for
some time, then gave a quick look at the
thoughtful face near him, and said, abrup-
tly, "Not a very pleasant arrangement
this."

A quick flush passed over the gentle
face before him, a flush which his keen
eyes noted instantly and understood, a
flush which told of the girliness yet left
to this lonely woman.

"Not that it matters much to me where
I am," he continued. "Life can't give me
anything harder than I've had."

"That is a sad thing to say," she said,
in her timid way.

"A true thing, though," he responded,
and the corners of his sensitive mouth
drooped a little more. "I feel as if I had
nothing left to live for. My wife died a
year ago, and—here the voice broke.
Distress ever calls some souls out of their
reserve, and hers was such an one, and she
said quickly:

"Ah, but you have all those vanished
days and months and years to remember,
all the loveliness of her life to think of
now."

"How did you know her life was love-
ly," he queried a little sharply. She hesi-
tated a moment, then said, simply: "It
must have been, or you would not miss
her from your living so much," a tribute
to the manly worth she saw in the face
she saw before her which was relished by
the owner of the face. He sighed and
then looked for a time out of the smoky
window, then said: "After all, life is a
strange muddle," and, receiving a look of
understanding in response to this senti-
ment, he went on: "We don't know what
is right to do, and yet we are punished by
fixed laws if we don't do the right. That
doesn't seem just to me."

"Oh, but it will come out straight in
the next life," she cried, eagerly.

"I don't know whether it will or not,"
he responded. "I haven't seen the next
life yet and I don't know what it is like,
don't even know if there will be a next
life; I only know we are hedged in and
around in this life."

"But surely the next life will take away
all the rough places of this," she said; "it
will make us understand all that seems so
strange about this, and—there must be a
future life; God surely would not put us
into this life and let us go out of it incom-
plete. That seems to me the strongest
reason for a future, and so many die with
their life-work only just begun."

"Is that a reason or a hope with you?"
he asked. She hesitated and did not an-
swer, and just then one of the restless
young men who had been a fellow pas-
senger of theirs came in and glanced cau-
tiously at the two.

That glance made her self-conscious

and a blush dyed the delicate face, and
she turned, in a decided way, to the pages
of her book, as if she were determined
not to let this stranger get possession of her
wandering thoughts again. The
young man passed out of the station and
the elderly one rose and walked restlessly
about the room, knitting the shaggy
brows occasionally at some troubled
thought. The three hours passed and one
o'clock came and a train came. "Can I
assist you?" he asked, gently, reaching
out a hand, brown hand for some of the
numerous bundles she was carrying. She
handed some to him and followed his
steady footsteps to the train. They won-
dered a little why their fellow passengers
of the morning were not in greater haste,
but forgot them presently in the bustle of
departure. He secured a pleasant seat for
her, and then one for himself at some dis-
tance from her. A few minutes of wait-
ing, of idle watching of the dark land-
scape, so soon to be among remembered
things, and the train moved slowly out of
the town, and as it moved away another
train steamed in.

She looked curiously at the second
train, but remembered that this was a
junction and did not obey her first ner-
vous impulse, which was to go to her
whom she were on the right train. She
forgot the train soon and watched his
stern, set face and felt sorry for him, and
wished he might feel as sure of the future
as she did. Soon the conductor came and
she watched him as he made his way to-
ward her. When he reached her protect-
or, as she already called him in her inner
consciousness, that individual gave a
quick start, at some words uttered by the
conductor after examination of his ticket.
A troubled look settled upon the resolute
face, and he conversed earnestly with the
conductor for a few moments, then glanc-
ed at her and rose and came to her. "I
told you," he said, "that we don't know
what is right and then we get punished
by unalterable laws, and here is a speedy
illustration of the fact, only that I feel
now that I might have known the right
if I had taken pains to inquire. We are
on the wrong train." She looked deeply
troubled, but said, after a moment, "How
can we get back?"

"It is of no use to go back to that junc-
tion. We might as well go on to Chicago
now and go from there; it will really
take not much longer, and as you trust-
ed to my leading in the first place, I will,
if you will let me, see you safe out of this
trouble."

"I am used to taking care of myself,"
she said, but her lips trembled a little.

"Where are you going?" he asked, and
upon receiving his reply, added: "I am
going beyond there, so it will be no
trouble to me to see you safe. I will tele-
graph your dilemma to your friends at
the next station; we shall reach Chicago
in two hours, and the conductor tells me
we can immediately take another train
back, so that really the worst of it will
be the extra four or five hours in the train."

He remained sitting with her, and chat-
ted lightly for a time, till her mind was
somewhat diverted from the unpleasant-
ness of her situation. Gradually they
wandered to deeper waters, and talked
again, as they had earlier in the day, of
the problems of life, and into those
queries and answers of theirs crept ever
and anon a bit of the personal history of
each. He learned what a desolate history
hers had seemed to be; he learned, too,
what a sweet, cheery courage must under-
lie her whole being, that the desolateness
should have been so ignored, and he grew
ashamed of his own repining over a lot
which had had so much brightness in it.

When the train drew into the great
depot in Chicago, he felt that he had
learned to know a pure soul, and she felt
a deep pity for the lonely life opened to
her view. And as they took the other
train, which was to take them rapidly to
their destination, each felt a regret that a
few hours more would part them.

He sat silent for a long time after this,
wondering if he dared do the thing he
wished. He was lonely, set adrift in the
great world by the death of his wife, and
he wanted a true, womanly heart to sym-
patize with his. Could he do better
than ask this lonely woman, who had no
kind or kin in the world, to share his lot
with him? Could she do better than take
him, she who evidently had summerland
in her heart, and could make a bit of
brightness wherever she was? Each sur-
ely needed the other. He asked her if she
knew any one in his town, and finding
she did know a person residing a few
miles from him, he took his resolution
quickly.

"I have a good farm out there," he
said; "160 acres under fine improvement,
house and outbuildings all in fine shape.
You can find out all about me from
Mr.—" A moment he hesitated as he
saw that she did not realize what he
meant; then he continued earnestly, look-
ing down into the clear eyes lifted so
fearlessly to his: "I feel as if I were ask-
ing into the eyes of my future wife. Am
I mistaken?" The last words were breath-
ed rather than uttered, and then she un-
derstood, and the flame color mounted
over the delicate features once more, and
she said quietly, "Do I look so much
like your wife?"

He was baffled, and for a moment knew
not what to say, then rallied and said:
"She has gone on into the future. I
don't know what or where that life may
be, and I am lost and lonely without her.
I want that which has gone out of my
life, and I believe you can supply that
want. You are alone in the world, and I
can make your life pleasant, I am sure."

It was a temptation, such as only home-
less ones can understand; but, after a mo-
ment, she shook her head, and then, read-
ing the questioning look in those keen
eyes, she said, while the color deepened
in her face:

"I loved once, and have loved ever
since, and it would not be right for me to
marry any one, feeling as I do."

The door opened and the brakeman
called the name of the place where she
was to stop, and the next moments were
spent in gathering together her belong-
ings. He helped her off the train, and
grasped her hand heartily as he stood one
instant.

"I shall always remember you and your
happy days of looking at life, and your
faith will help me;" and then he swung
on to the slowly-moving train, and she
walked away into the gloaming, a tear or
two falling as she thought of the lonely
days to come.—*The Current.*

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